



GREEN BOOK

1929

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EDITORIAL

OUR BUILDINGS

Many times we have heard the familiar quotation, "What you are saying is so loud I can't hear what you say." "What you are" is just as important at L. I. C. as it is at home, or as it will be when you are doing your life's work. Yet at times our expressed affection for our school is rarely heard above the din that thoughtless actions cause.

When we move into a new house we are very careful to do nothing to deface it or to mar its beauty. For the present L. I. C. is our home. The buildings are not new and certainly are not very beautiful. These facts make it even more essential that we should take care of them.

Would you ever think of carving your initials on the chairs or woodwork in your home? Would you give vent to your artistic nature by sketching on the walls? If you saw a piece of wallpaper hanging loose would you see how much you could tear off in one yard? Certainly not. Yet all of these are common sights at L. I. C. Broken chairs, damaged pianos and broken windows all shout so loud that our words of affection are little more than whispers.

We all realize, or should realize, that the school has no money to spare for repairs caused by our destructive spirit. It behooves us, therefore, to demonstrate our affection in a practical manner.



VIRTUES OF BUDDHISM

TEMPERANCE

Eat not to dullness; Drink not to elevation.

SILENCE

Speak not but what may benefit others or yourself; avoid trifling conversation.

ORDER

Let all your things have their place; let each part of your business have its time.

RESOLUTION

Resolve to perform what you ought; perform without fail what you resolve.

FRUGALITY

Take no expense but to do good to others or yourself; i.e. waste nothing.

INDUSTRY

Lose no time; be always employed in something useful; cut off all unnecessary actions.

SINCERITY

Use no harmful deceit; think innocently and justly and, if you speak, speak accordingly.

JUSTICE

Wrong none by doing injuries, or omitting the benefits that are your duty.



MODERATION

Avoid extremes. Forbear resenting injuries so much as you think they deserve.

CLEANLINESS

Tolerate no uncleanness in body, clothes, or habitation.

TRANQUILITY

Be not disturbed at trifles, or at accidents common or unavoidable.

CASTITY

HUMILITY

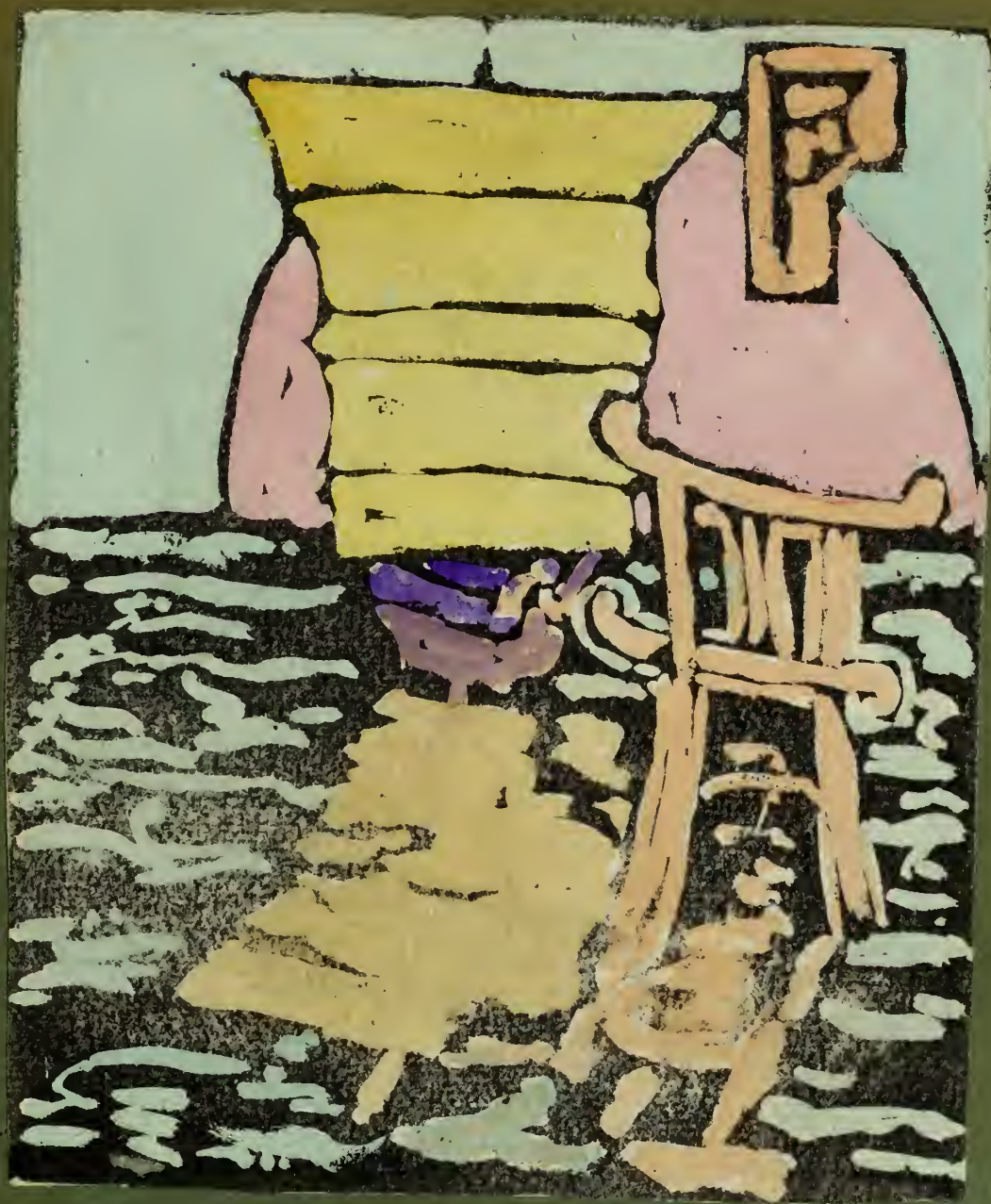
Imitate Jesus and Socrates.

Oh! FOR PEACE

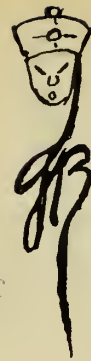
When all in my study is quiet and still,
And thousands of sounds from the neighboring world
Come coaxing to frolic away and forget--
I can't, for my theme is unfinished is yet.

V. B.





LITERARY



MUSIC

Music, when it once enters the soul, becomes a sort of spirit, and never dies. It wanders through the halls and galleries of the memory, and is often heard again, distinct and living as when it first was heard.

Often when we have a discouraging time, and our mind goes back to our childhood days, some childish song will flit through our mind, and will do more to revive our spirits than anything else. Even children have an ear that is alert to music. Often as you go along through a village in the summer time, you can hear different childish tunes being played by an organ grinder, and around him you will see a number of children listening eagerly to the tunes. They will follow him as far as they are allowed to go.

Music appeals to youth, as well as to children and to older folk. What stirs the emotions of youth more than the stormy music of the drum? When youth hears the strains of martial music, they are stirred, they become enthusiastic and eager to get into the swing of the music, and march or seek some way in which to give vent to their feelings. Music appeals strongly to young people. The meaning of a song goes deep. Who can express the effect music has on us? Music leads us to the edge of the infinite, and for a few minutes we are permitted to gaze into deeper things of life. It seems



to be impossible for anyone to express clearly, the effect that music has upon us. Those who love music, we generally find, are gentle and honest.

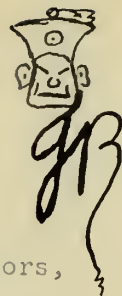
Byron says, "There is music in all things, if men had ears." Even in the dark mines, while the miners are several hundred feet under the earth, some will sing or whistle, as they work all day long in that dark, gloomy place, hearing nothing but the clanking of chains, and the noise of the cars running back and forth, or the treading of the mules as they draw the cars from the mines out into the sunlight.

Even the blacksmith seems to have an ear for music, for as he swings his hammer, we will notice that he has a rhythm. If we listen intently we are almost always able to detect a note of music in every line of work which we do.

Curran's favorite mode of meditation was with his violin in his hand; for hours together would he forget himself, running voluntaries over the strings, while his imagination, collecting its tones, was opening all his faculties for the coming emergency at the bar.

Music is the fourth great material want of our natures--first food, then raiment, then shelter, then music.

D. M. R.



THE ROPE PULL

Both sides of the small pond were lined with spectators, boys and girls laughing, talking, and moving about very nervously.

Every year the warlike feelings between the Freshmen and the Sophomores, pent up from the beginning of school, were released all at once in one strenuous event, a Rope Pull. This took place at a small artificial lake or, more appropriately, a small pond--for it was not really a thing of beauty. The object, of course, was to pull the Sophomores through the water, and as a reward, besides the satisfaction derived from victory, was the privilege of putting away the small Freshman cap one month earlier than the appointed date.

The students were becoming anxious, as the hour appointed for the contest drew near, and many eyes were turned anxiously toward a small hillock over which a pathway was now running down to the pond.

Presently a small, light car appeared on the top of the hill, lurched crazily down toward the mass of people, and came to a screeching halt near the pond. The athletic director jumped out and amid the good-natured chatter walked to the rear of the car and from the rumble seat took a coil of heavy rope. The noise increased. The rope was soon stretched across the pond. As the group of spectators gathered, twenty



husky men were left at each end of the rope. Both groups were clad in the oldest of clothes, a picture of earnestness and good intentions.

One large boy placed the rope around himself, knotting it firmly so as to form a loop. He was the anchor man. The rest scattered themselves along the rope at intervals, nervously rubbing their hands and digging small foot-holes to insure a secure footing.

A shrill whistle. The deep voice of the athletic director booming out the very simple rules which were known by all. A time warning. The rope became taut, both sides slowly bracing to get all possible advantage. Again the shriek of the whistle. Both sides strained to their utmost, feet ploughing the soft turf. Perspiration ran down their faces into their eyes. Their breath became short and labored. The rope was moving. Yes, the Freshmen were pulling the Sophs slowly to the water; then the progress stopped. There was more straining, arms outstretched, legs stiff, head bent, muscular backs seemingly striving to burst the flannel shirts, but all to no avail, for slowly the Freshmen were dragged to the water. Then as the first man touched it they went faster, until bubbling and gasping, the anchor man was dragged out at the further side. All were dejected and servile--"green Frosh" again.

G. R. L.



POETRY

I'm not a poet. I always suspected it, but now I'm sure of it. We are told that we can do anything if we try hard enough, but there are exceptions to every rule.

When the professor assigned twenty lines of poetry instead of the usual weekly theme it occurred to me that I might have a little difficulty in doing the assignment, but I never expected to have anything haunt me as that embryo poem did. I thought of it when I went to bed and when I awoke, and countless times during the day. In fact I even dreamed about it.

I wasn't particular about a subject, just as long as I could say something worth while. I decided that the best way to write would be to get alone. I went to my room, locked the door, sat down, and waited for inspiration. None came. Perhaps I shouldn't have locked the door!

As I sat there, many topics for poems came to my mind. I jotted down a few words. If the meaning was satisfactory, the rhyme and rhythm were wrong, and vice versa. After pondering for some time, I gave up in despair. Latin and botany were crying for my attention. Perhaps the class was asleep, or visiting someone else that night. I decided to try it a later date.

Perhaps early morning would be a better time to write. The alarm rang at half past five. Once again I tried to be poetic. There were no better results this time. Perhaps I



was expecting too much. Perhaps I was trying to be a Tennyson when I had the ability of a jingle-writer. At any rate, my poetry wasn't satisfactory to me, and when I'm dissatisfied with my writing it's quite certain that the professor will be even more dissatisfied.

I promised myself that I'd write that poem during my visit to 'Ravey's on Saturday. So went horseback riding that morning, and I guess the joggling of the horse bounced any possible poetic thoughts out of my head. That poem was beginning to take the joy out of living.

All the following week I kept promising myself that I'd settle down and write something worth reading. So time passed until the Thanksgiving vacation arrived. "Here's my chance for plenty of meditation and inspiration," I thought. Fortunately (for my enjoyment), or unfortunately (for my English grade), I completely forgot that poem until Saturday night.

Everyone was reading. The radio was giving forth beautiful melodies. "This should be an ideal setting for poem writing," I thought. Ah, I have two lines written. The next line comes harder. I know what I want to say, but for some reason it doesn't fit into set rhythm and rhyme. I worked for an hour. If the rhyme was right the rhythm was wrong, and by the time I had both agreeing, my poem didn't say what I had intended at all.

I suppose the truth of the matter is that I'm not poetic.



However, some day when I have a great deal of spare time, and even more ambition, I'm going to make another attempt to write a poem.

C. F.

CHAPEL

"I will merely suggest my last point as our time is about up."

Just then the dinner bell rang. I waited patiently. I had missed breakfast that morning. Would the speaker never get that point started!

Pretty soon the bell rang again. The writers were getting impatient. My dinner was getting cold. I tried to appear interested but gradually lost all enthusiasm in the talk.

"Just a moment more and I'll be through."

Still the point goes. Or rather, anticlimax. Why have we spent so much time making announcements? Why couldn't the professor have started sooner?

He made one last frantic effort to regain attention. A poem suggested itself which would just fit this last point. His eloquence availed little.

The bell rang again. Seriously in the midst of his recital; but he was unheeded. He would suggest his last point at any cost.

I wish now that I had heard the poem for I really think it was worth while.

. 8.



THE ORGAN

See the soldiers advancing with firm steady tread,
Each with gun-burdened shoulder and helmeted head,
Each grimly-limed face showing long trails of days.
No, it's only a dream. It's an organ that plays--

A march.

In a small rude church the angels are singing
And the bells of heaven harmoniously ringing
A small white-haired saint kneels and he prays.
Hark! again 'tis the organ that solemnly plays--

A hymn.

The pale moon-light shines on a willow lane,
And a cold gently laugh is the face of her swain,
As softly he whispers sweet words in her ear.
Ah! now floating out from the organ, I hear--

A nocturne.

The daffies dance forth from bare silver birches,
And whirl hand in hand with the brown autumn leaves.
Each dewy moss glitters in the rising sun's rays.
They vanish, 'tis only the organ that plays--

A requiem.

L. B.



GOING HOME

College closed on Friday for the Christmas holidays. The others are leaving the campus for home I am destined to remain until Christmas eve. For holidays from college do not mean holidays from work at the candy store. People must have candy, and especially at Christmas time. Most would the no who dislikes to select gifts, or the old lady who has lost a page off of her list, or the child who never knew what to get to surprise father, he without that comforting box of chocolates? All this contributes to the delaying of my going home.

Working the day before Christmas is exceedingly tiresome. Well! At five o'clock it is all leave for me! The door opens through the crowd as I take piles of cigarettes, balloons, and caramels from the shelves to pack them in the strictly filled boxes on the bench before me. Well! There is only a surprisingly low level of yelling, just a small place with capital familiar pieces of our lives and father and mother.

"Three baby boxes with Christmas decorations," comes the order from a customer. I pick them up as quickly as possible, and then I think to myself that there will be some if I can take them to the father and mother piece of meat.

Again, well! It will be so good to be home again. The year is getting old and the Christmas is close at hand. Without it, the holidays are incomplete in our home. Forgive me but



For the boxes, the first degree, strawberry cream and others. It seems as if these boxes never will fill up. The more hours of work before I can leave for home. The day goes so slowly. I wonder whether my brother will be at the gate to meet me as he has planned. We are to go home together. At length the time for leaving arrives. Quickly I replace the packages, arrange the boxes and strap them up the sides. The word repeats itself in my mind. Home!

At the gate is South Station. Here it is waiting for me. Together we wait for the Hartford train to pull in. It is late in the morning, but we are. The train comes to a halt, in time by the station clock. The coaches are so well filled. Are others bound for home, too? Although my brother and I have much to talk about the time goes so slowly. The train does not seem to be going home.

Finally the last station is announced. We need no waiting. For some time we have had our coats and hats on, ready to take our bags and leave.

The trolley is right. Another delay! Just then a long-sleeved man. The door is closed and he says "Going to the Center? Don't forget it. You'll have to wait for the trolley." We accept the welcome invitation. As we get in the car we have the spirit of Christmas from the occupants. With an exchange of the season's greetings they leave us at our door.



Home at last and the home folks! How good it seems.
Father asks, "Are you hungry?" In a few moments we are
eating some of Mother's cooking. The coffee cake is there.
Father had not forgotten it. We all contentedly, talk
much, and enjoy the release from Ellis and regulations.

Home!

A. P.

THREE

On a bright, sun-shiny day, I am sitting alone, it seems
to me, in the quiet, of the
trees, the birds, and the sky. I walk a round with my
head held high and the sun at my feet, but at everlasting bubbling
within.

Then, on rainy days, the grey hood of the clouds imprisons
me. I slouch, sink down into an easy chair and read a book.

A. M.

AMBITION

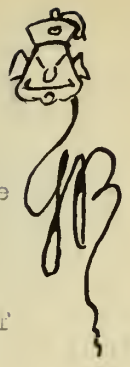
To be ambitious for true honor, for the true glory and perfection of our natures, is the very principle and incentive of virtue; but to be ambitious of titles or high positions is vain.

It is a true observation of ancient writers that joy and grief produce the same effects, and that men are apt to be cast down by adversity, so they are easily gratified with prosperity. For whenever men are not obliged by necessity to fight, they fight from ambition which is so powerful a passion in the human heart that however high we reach, we are never satisfied. Ambition becomes displeasing when it is once satisfied. There is a reaction when ambition is satisfied, and our spirits, having reached the highest peak, they descend.

Every one has before his eyes an end which he pursues till death; but for many that end is a feather which they blow before them in the air. They are always pursuing, but never achieving anything. Voltaire has said, "The modesty of certain ambitious persons consists in becoming great without making too much noise; it may be said that they advance in the world on tiptoe."

There is a kind of grandeur and respect which the lowest and most insignificant of mankind endeavor to procure in the little circle of their friends and acquaintances. The poorest mechanic, the man who lives upon common aims, gets himself a set





of admirers, and delights in the seeming superiority which he enjoys over those who are below him in some respects. This ambition, which is natural to the soul of every man, would if it were rightly directed, contribute as much to a person's advantage as it generally does to his uneasiness and disquiet.

A noble man compares and estimates himself by an idea which is higher than himself, and a man lower in the social scale compares himself with another person who is lower than he. The first comparison produces aspiration; the other, ambition.

It is not for man to rest in absolute contentment. Even as the sparks are bound to fly up toward the sky, man is born to hopes and aspirations, unless he has blighted his higher nature.

D. W. R.

Virtue could see to do what Virtue would
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
Were in the flat sea sunk.

Milton



WINTER ON THE FARM

When the frost bangs and snaps,
And you hear the clapboards crack;
When the snow is whipped and lashed,
Around the bleak hay stack;
When you step out at the door
And your breath is snatched away;
You gasp, then pull your hat down tighter--
Shiver--and step into the fray.

When you reach the grim bleak barn,
And find the door is drifted fast,
You seize a shovel and ferv'rishly work,
And reach the dark inside at last,
When you've fed the hungry cattle
And quieted their low alarm,
Then you turn your footsteps homeward.
--This is winter on the farm.

I. R. B.



LETTERS

Letters are as varied as are the characters of those who write them. I enjoy letters. I enjoy receiving them and writing them. Perhaps my enjoyment of writing letters explains the number that I receive.

I think of one from a teacher friend of mine. Always, there is the regulation size white envelope, the same color of ink, and the carefully spaced, and perfectly written address. Inside, every letter is perfect: the lines are strictly straight with equal spaces between them. There is news, account of her work, but little enthusiasm on my part as I read it. It is so like Maith.

In sharp contrast comes a letter from another teacher friend. The envelope gives me the impression that she was in a hurry to get the message to me. Quickly I tear it open. Three long pages, both sides, too. There is a vivid description of the new faculty members, an account of the first faculty meeting, the tortures of registration map from a teacher's viewpoint, and more. She has made me feel as tho it were a pleasure for her to write. When I fold the letter and place it again in the envelope, it seems as tho I had spent a half hour chatting with Agness.

Still another letter from a teacher friend, this one a gentleman. His letters are especially valued, not because they



are from a man, but because they are so much like the writer-- idealistic, poetic, moody, spasmodic. They are "just Ben" and as hard to understand as he himself is. His handwriting reminds me of a wavy line with cross lines on it at irregular intervals. I cannot read this in a hurry. It takes time to decipher words. But there is the final joy of reward when, at length, the wavy line becomes a definite word.

There are more letters from friends, but the most important group is the home group. I can rely on my sister to inform me of the new clothing bought since I left home, of the late deeds of the neighbor's children, and always of the good things she has had to eat.

I have three brothers as different as three young men could be. So are their letters. Dan, the eldest, writes regularly, good substantial letters, news, humor, interesting incidents and a little brotherly advice. The second brother has "taken unto himself a wife" and has no more time to write to his "Jane" as he used to do. If I should get one now I would get ready for a good laugh. My youngest brother writes only when the spirit moves, which is seldom. I cherish his letters when they do come.

Dad's letters are always welcome. They are full of dry humor. They tell of his work and his problems. And almost always there is a paragraph of fatherly advice for his daughter. His letter would not be complete without that. Poems are



partial to their daughters.

Letters would be inborn late without Mother's. Though, for a week I might get three or four a day, yet, if Mother's did not come, there is something very lacking. Just as we can take a Mother's place, so the letter can be a substitute for Mother's.

My letters are more than paper and ink to me. They are visits from my friends and relations.

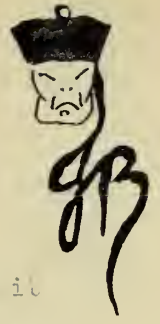
A. F.

BOOKS

Solonon said, "Of the world no doors there is no end. See them: big books, little books, fat ones, and thin ones. Geometry, Rhetoric, Social Psychology, History; oh, what a collection. They make me think, and study, and craft.

I have another Book. It is lying on the table near my lamp. It is more beautifully bound--more extensive. In it, I find stories, poems, and tragedy. I go to it for comfort and advice. It is my Bible.

V. K.

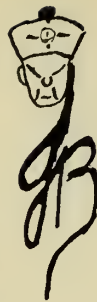


THOUGHTS OF A THEME

Why does our professor ask me to write a theme when it is almost impossible for me to write one that is satisfactory. Some people may have the ability to write, but I'm one of those who is lacking on that point. I think and think, and think some more. A few incidents of my many days come to my mind--and that's practically all. By the way this is supposed to be funny (the professor told us to write something comical) but it isn't and I know you'll agree with me.

One thought was of what the library is supposed (another supposition) to be used for and what the use really is for some of the students. Some could get a theme out of that thought, but I don't see enough in it. When I am lost in thought a roommate pipes up, "Don't go to sleep there." That shows the fine opinion he has of my thinking. In connection with the library I thought of the "greenie" who sat at the girl's table yesterday. In the midst of my musings a representative of the "Neutritas" enters the room and begs for ducts. He doesn't get any for a very good reason. The professor will have to take this theme or leave it, just as she wishes. These themes make me think of Shakespeare's "Much Ado About Nothing."

I. B.



MR. PICKWICK RIDES

Mr. Pickwick glanced at his elegant look. With a sigh he sank back in his easy chair. He relished this afternoon's engagement, for never before had he been riding, and he could think of better company than that of Don Quixote. The Don had asked him a week before and he had accepted. He was to borrow Sancho Panza's mount for the afternoon. He had never seen Sancho's mount, but he hoped it would be better than Rosinante.

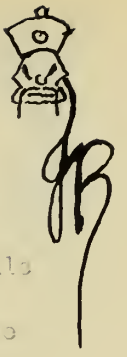
Outside a harsh voice called his name. He went to the window and looked out. There was the Don dressed in a pair of pig-tails and a dirty white shirt. He was holding a tiny donkey, which looked up at Mr. Pickwick, kicked its heels into the air, and gave forth the most vicious "hee-hee" Mr. Pickwick had ever heard. Mr. Pickwick went down-stairs to meet the Don.

"Do you expect me to ride that creature?" asked Mr. Pickwick, casting a dubious glance at the little donkey.

"Why not? It is a fit mount for a pig," replied the Don. Mr. Pickwick sidled up to the donkey.

"I do wish Mr. Dickens had had me a little sister," he remarked, as he attempted to mount the animal. He succeeded in getting one foot on the back of the donkey, but there he stuck. He could not get up nor could he get down.

The Don, seeing one of his charitable friends, got down



and offered to let Mr. Picwick ride Postmaster. After Mr. Picwick had both feet on the ground, they removed the saddle from the horse and placed it on the ground, for the Don said it plain he did not wish to ride bare back with his new tights on.

G. P.

THE STATE HOUSE

On the top of which will stand the State House. In it is embodied all that is truly New England. Its appearance is difficult, it holds itself above the common eye, it has a learned look. But yet, if it were fortified in possessing all these traits--is it not the spirit of the American? We have heard it said that it is a sign, "Massachusetts--there are signs." Inside we find a large hall of persons as we pass through the corridors with their clusters of battle flags. The silent army of the Republic is in the State House. The Great Old Fish Hawk is in the State House. There is a noble stillness about the place that cannot be seen in any other place on the ground.

G. P.



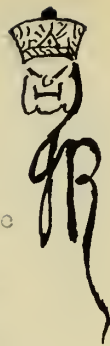
HUNTING

It was in the month of November that my father, my brother-in-law, and I started on a hunting trip which will always be fresh in my memory. Our destination was about ten miles away, the last three miles being through the woods. A friend offered to take us in his car as far as he could, hoping, no doubt, to get a roast of deer meat as payment.

As this was my first hunting trip, it was hard for me to conceal my ignorance of things in general. I tried my skill by shooting at a sapling on the way through the woods. Could I have done the same to a deer as I did to the tree, the story would be told differently.

We arrived at a set of abandoned farm buildings, shortly before supper time. We thought of staying in the house over-night as there was a stove in it, but found while getting supper that the place was over-run with rats and mice. We soon found a mor full of hay in the barn and decided it would make the trip more interesting to be traps for awhile. We soon burrowed into the hay, where it wasn't very hard to imagine oneself at home in a warm bed. We soon found that the mice weren't all in the house, for more than once during the night we were awakened, because some of them were investigating thoroughly the reason for the intrusion into their home.

Not far from the barn was an orchard and it was our



intention to look out for any deer that came to feed on the apples. We were on watch at the cracks in the side of the barn before day-break, and the first gray streaks of dawn had hardly begun to appear when we espied two pointed noses and two pairs of long ears protruding above a clump of bushes. We waited for more light but before we had decided to try our luck, the two deer started for the woods. We hurried down from the mow and out of the barn behind a shed that hid us from them. Peering from behind this shed, we could see not two but three deer, standing not more than a hundred yards away.

Light or no light, we decided that the time for action had come. We lined up, rifles in hand, along a old wooden gate. It seemed to me that that was the most thrilling moment of my life. There were whispers of "Take your time;" "Let's all fire at once." I couldn't seem to find the sights of my gun and the deer at the same time. At any moment I expected to hear two guns crack, one on each side of me. They finally did, leaving me still frantically trying to get suitable range. One fell in its tracks, shot through the spine. The second one went down only to come up and join its remaining companion in an attempt to escape. For a few moments the echoes resounded with shots as fast as was possible for three guns to discharge them. The second one finally fell, having been shot through the heart in the



first attack. My deer made a safe get away, which to my disappointment.

We worked up a good appetite for breakfast by dressing the two deer and stringing them up on some rafters in the barn. We had steak for breakfast, and in fact for every meal for the next two days till we got home. But even all the venison I could do away with failed to compensate for the satisfaction I missed in losing my first deer.

H. B.

The Last Thought

The grey dawn is breaking. A saddled figure is on the grey sea wall. His chin is clasped in his hand. The face is deeply furrowed with age and deep concentrated thought. The sky becomes rosy. The sun appears just rising over the horizon, and floods the world with warm sunlight.

His head comes up. One fist thrusts the other palm solidly. His free hand reaches down to his feet. The last thought for his life is that he is there.

H. B.



EXTRACTS FROM "HOPE AND IDEALS" BY PIGGS

The preparation of theses, and the necessity of using library books when other people are not using them, make it hard now and then to follow a time table strictly, but in general such a table is a wonderful saver of time.

Keep in training; read daily if you can--and you nearly always can--a little of the best that has been known and thought in the world. As some one has said adopting the Scripture, "Keep the windows open toward Jerusalem."

A masculine woman is as bad as an effeminate man; and a pedantic woman is worse than either.

If the sexes are to be equalized, I should wish it were by the refining of men and not by the vulgarizing of women.

"You have no idea what the outside pressure was."

"Outside pressure! Where are your inside braces?"

What we need is a discipline based on absolute straight-forwardness and perfect courtesy--for perfect courtesy is consistent with absolute straight-forwardness.

V. P.





C. TWO OF A KIND. D

Prof. Gardner: "Now let's see if we can find the first one, Mr. Hankins."

Scotty: "I didn't get the last two, so the first one is.""

1st Student: "That one is doing it, it is class A. I thought you took the first one last year."

2nd Student: "I did, but the Prof. gave it to the first one."

Prof. Spangenberg: "Miss Olson, why are you so early?"

Miss Olson: "The class began before I got here."

Prof.: "That animal is satisfied with the first one, isn't it?"

Brian: "The only one it eats holes."

Mary: "Not an animal, though."

Sadie: "Now come!"

Mary: "Miss Spangenberg is giving me a lecture on the first one, and I was going to get the first one--and the first one is.""





THE GREEN BOOK DICTIONARY

ACCIDENT--A condition of affairs in which presence of mind is good, but absence of mind is better.

BRASS-BAND--A clever though somewhat complicated arrangement for holding a crowd together.

CELESTITY--The one place where princes and paupers, porters and presidents are finally on the dead level.

DREAM--What a gentleman calls a woman. Sweethearts are dreams because they seldom come true; wives because they're often a night-mare; and both because they go by contraries.

EVOLUTION--A clever trick performed by one Darwin, who made a monkey out of Adam.

FLY-SCREEN--An arrangement for keeping flies in the house.

GOVT--The undesirable scion of High Living, which frequent the lowest joints, and is mentioned only in the Invalid's Foot Notes.

IMPULSE--A handsome vehicle in which the man who has always been a tail-endor is finally permitted to lead the procession.

INDIVIDUALITY--A harmless trait possessed by oneself. The same trait in others is downright idiocy.

JUSTICE--Fair play: often sought but seldom found in company with Law.

WOCKLER--A device on doors for erasing people; also a device on feet for the same purpose.



LIE--A very poor substitute for the truth, but the only one
discovered up to date.

LAZINESS--A difficult syndrome in B. Natural.

LEAVE--The barbarous pass word to the barber of the shaven.

OPTIMISM--A cheerful frame of mind that enables a tea-pot to
sing though in hot water up to its neck.

PAINTS--Trousers country cousins.

PHILOSOPHY--Something which enables the rich to say there is
no disgrace in being poor.

REGISTER--The only autograph album in which it costs you
money to write your name.

SEASON--An oppressive and expensive season invented by rural
cottage and hotel owners, railroad and steamship com-
panies and the ice-man.

TOBACCO--A nauseating plant that is consumed by but two crea-
tures: a large green worm and man. The man doesn't
know any better.

USURER--One who takes a leading part in a theatre.

VIRTUE--A quality oftentimes associated with intelligence,
but rarely with beauty.

WORD--Something you must lose after giving it to another.

YEAR--A period originally including 365 days, but now 366,
since the other forty are lent.



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